



EERIE

1970 YEARBOOK

FIRST
COLLECTOR'S
EDITION
CLASSIC

THIS IS IT!
THE BEST IN
ILLUSTRATED
TERROR AND
SUSPENSE FROM THE
EARLY ISSUES OF
EERIE, AMERICA'S
MONSTROUS MAG!

TRICK or TREAT



CELEBRATE HALLOWEEN
EARLY THIS YEAR---WITH THIS
PULSATING, FRENZIED, SPINE-TINGLING

EERIE 1970 YEARBOOK

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WELCOME TO A WILD BIT OF **WIERD WIZARDRY** FROM MY HOLY MAUSOLEUM OF MANIACAL MEMORIES! YOU'LL BE MEETING DR. CLIFFORD LOCKE, WHO WEAVES THIS PIECE OF **WITCHCRAFT**... A SPELLBINDER THAT TOUCHES ON THE VERY...

SOUL OF HORROR!

RAILROCK! WIZARD!
DEVIL-HORNDRUMMER!
WE'RE PUTTING AN
END TO YOUR UNHOLY
WITCHCRAFT!

STAY BACK, YOU
FUNKY MOROCCAN BUMPKINS!
MY WORK WON'T BE
STOPPED BY THE
LIKES OF YOU!



I DO NOT KNOW THE EXACT DETAILS OF **SMOKE BECKETT'S** DEATH, HE WAS AN EEL MAN, UNCONCERNED BY THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGERS OF LARCHWICK, A FEW WHISPERED FACTS ARE CERTAIN: THE DATE WAS AUGUST 25, 1913... THE DEED WAS DONE TO THE LOUD SCREECHING OF BLACKBIRDS.

GET HIM!

KILL HIM! QUICKLY!

THERE IS A LOCAL SUPERSTITION ABOUT BLACKBIRDS... THEY LIE IN WAIT FOR THE SOULS OF THE DYING, THEIR SCREECHES AND CHATTERING IN TUNE WITH THE LAST BREATHS! IF THEY CATCH THE DEPARTING SOUL, THEIR CRIES SHRIEK THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, IF NOT...

LISTEN!
THEIR
BIRDS HAVE
STOPPED!

JUST FLYIN' AWAY... SIMON
HECTATE'S SOUL IS
STILL FREE!



ALL THIS I LEARNED LATER, AT THAT SAME MOMENT, AS NEW RESIDENT DOCTOR TO THE AREA, DEATH WASN'T ON MY MIND, BUT LIFE... **ISRAEL CATLETT** WAS BEING BORN.

A BOY, MRS CATLETT?
BIG AND HEALTHY?

PLEASE, DR.
LOOK... LET ME
LOOK AT
HIM...



I PLACED THE BABY IN HER ARMS AND STEPPED BACK... FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE MOTHER LOOKED INTO THE SHINY BLACK EYES AND RUDDY FACE OF HER SON...

EEEEEEEE-AAAAGGHHH!!



D-DOCTOR...
S-SHE'S...
DEAD!



THE TRAGEDY SAT ON ME LIKE A ROCK... MY WORDS OF COMFORT TO THE FATHER CAME FROM A CHOKED THROAT...

I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED ANYTHING
LIKE IT... YOU MUST TAKE COMFORT IN
THE BOY! HE'S ALL RIGHT...
DOING WELL...

YES... I STILL
HAVE HAVE... THE
BOY...



GILLETTS FARM LEFT LEW WITH ENOUGH TO LIVE ON! THE RURAL SCHOOLS COULD OFFER HIM NOTHING, HE WAS LEFT ALONE, TO HIS AND LARDWICK'S SATISFACTION TIME PASSED, DREW THE HORRORS AWAY...

GOOD LORD! YES... YES... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



T-THE DOGS ALWAYS (SOS) LOVED HIM! T-TONIGHT WHEN HE WENT... TO FEED THEM (SOS)... THEY WENT CRAZY... TORE AT HIM (SOS) I H-HAD TO SHOOT THEM... TOO LATE!

THE IMAGE OF THE SAVAGELY TORN BODY FLEW IN MY MIND ON THE TRIP HOME, UNTIL A GROTESQUELY FAMILIAR FORM APPEARED AHEAD.

LATE TO BE TRAMPING ABOUT THE WOODS, ISN'T IT, LEW?

I LIKE THE WOODS, DOC... THE DARKNESS AND WILD CREATURES... -I HAD BUSINESS THERE!



THE NEXT TIME THERE WAS NO NEED TO CALL ME... DEATH CAME SCREAMING RIGHT INTO THE CENTER OF LARDWICK!



AAAAARRGHHH!

DEAD! PROBABLY FROM SHOCK AS MUCH AS THE STINGING!

NEVER SAW NOTH' LIKE IT! ARE KEPT BEES FOR YEARS... NOBODY COULD HANDLE 'EM, LEW, HAH!



IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, THE EFFECT OF THE TRAGEDY HAD SOFTENED SOMEWHAT BY INVOLVEMENT IN MY WORK. ALTHOUGH EACH TIME I MADE THE ROUNDS OF THE BACKWOODS COMMUNITY, I'D STOP AT THE CATLETT FARM...



THOUGHT I'D CHECK AND SEE HOW LEMUEL'S DOING.

THE BOY'S WHY, HE'S FINE GROWIN' BIG... STRONG-FAST! NEVER SEEN ANYTHIN' LIKE IT!

AFTER A YEAR, IT BECAME OBVIOUS TO ALL LARCHWICK, LEMUEL WAS NOT NORMAL... VILLAGERS BEGAN STEERING CLEAR OF THE CATLETT PLACE AND IT WAS SAID EVEN ANIMALS SHIED AND BALKED WHEN THE BOY WAS OUT...



IT'S FANTASTIC! MOST FIVE-YEAR OLDS AREN'T THIS DEVELOPED!

AN' HE READS! ANYTHIN' HE CAN GET HIS HANDS ON... LIKE HE WAS LOOKIN' FOR SUMTHIN'...

THROUGH THE YEARS, LEMUEL'S PHENOMENAL DEVELOPMENT CONTINUED, INCREASINGLY GROTESQUE... LIKE SOMETHING HUGE STRETCHING A CHILD'S FORM TO MAKE IT FIT! AND LEMUEL WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE CHANGING...



JUST AS LEAVE YOU DIDN'T DROP AROUND ANY MORE, DOC... BOY SAYS VISITORS BOTHER HW! I'LL CALL IF I NEED YOU...

LORD! CATLETT WAS MY AGE WHEN LEM WAS BORN... BUT NOW...

THE YEARS ALSO BROUGHT CHANGES FOR ME... LOVE AND MARRIAGE... THOUGH A TERRIFYING EVENT MARKED MY WEDDING DAY...



BEST COME QUICK, DOC... PA'S DYING - KEEPS ASKIN' FOR YOU...



MY GOD!

GUESS WE'RE TOO LATE...

LEM! YOUR FATHER WAS ONLY FORTY! B-BUT THIS DIED UP SHELL... IT'S LIKE ALL THE LIFE HAS BEEN DRAWN OUT OF HIS BODY...

LISTEN TO THOSE BLACK-BIRDS... SOUNDS LIKE THEY CAUGHT A SOUL FOR SURE!



DON'T LIKE IT! FIRST SAM,
NOW ABE... THEY WAS BOTH
WITH US THAT NIGHT 'GAINST
SIMON HEKATE... LARDY,
I DON'T LIKE IT!



THE HINT OF A PATTERN MADE THE SECOND DEATH
ALL THE MORE CHILLING... AND WHILE MAKING MY
ROUNDS, YET ANOTHER PATTERN SEEMED EVIDENT...



LEM! JUST LIKE WHEN
I WAS COMING HOME
FROM SAM'S...



IT WAS A BUSY TIME, I HAD MY PATIENTS AND MY WIFE
HAD NOW WITH CHILD, YET SOMEHOW I COULD NOT PUT
PUT LEMUEL'S HOODLAND WANDERINGS FROM MY MIND...
SOMETHING DROVE ME TO CHECK THE AREA HE HAD BEEN
FREQUENTING...

A SHACK! THEY'VE SAID
SIMON HEKATE LIVED
SOMEWHERE IN HERE...



INSIDE AND OUT, IT WAS A PLACE
OF ROT AND DECAY... FOGGY AIR...
LACED WITH COBWEBS... STILL IT
SEEMED TO ME, THE SHACK WAS
BEING **USED!**

THE FIREPLACE!
THOSE BRICKS
LOOK LOOSE!



BEHIND THE BRICKS I FOUND THEM!
HELLISH VOLUMES SAME WITH LONG AGO
HAD HOPED WERE DESTROYED... INCANTA-
TIONS, SPELLS, CHANTS, AND POTIONS...
DARK BOOKS FOR THE PRACTICE OF EVIL.

THOSE ARE MINE!
WHAT RIGHT DO YOU
HAVE TO BE HERE?
WHAT RIGHT?



THE PACHED ADULT FACE IN THE MISSHAPEN
CHILD'S HEAD WAS RED WITH ANGER... THE
SHINY BLACK EYES GLARED INTO ME... I
WAS GRIPPED BY A SHAKING FEAR AND
FLED WITHOUT SAYING A WORD...

STAY AWAY FROM HERE!
THIS IS **MY** PLACE!
BEST YOU LEAVE
ME ALONE!



AGAIN, TIME NIMBED ME. THERE WERE MANY CALLS AND MY WIFE'S CONVICTION TO BE CONCERNED WITH, UNEVENTFUL MOMENTS PASSED AND I LAUGHED ABOUT MY FEAR ... *THEN...*

THEY WAS WORKIN' SIDE BY SIDE SEEMED TO GO INSANE! STARTED HACKIN' AWAY AT EACH OTHER.



THESE ARE THE LAST TWO! ALL THE MEN RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED SIMON NEGATE ARE ... DEAD!



I KNEW WHAT I MUST DO! IT WAS LATE, BUT THE MOON WAS HIGH AND FULL ... I HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING MY WAY TO THE SHACK ...

HE'S IN THERE ...



LENT? NO CALL ME SIMON!

STOP! HAVEN'T YOU DONE ENOUGH, LENT?



NO' GUTH... WINTHURR BJON'T HUN' BLUGH!



Y-YOU... SIMON NEGATE?

DID YOU THINK THOSE FOOLS KILLED ME? I HAVE THE POWER TO TRANSFER MY SOUL INTO ANY FRESH-BORN INFANT...



...I HAVE THE POWER TO STEAL LIFE FROM ANOTHER BODY SO MY OWN INFANT SHELL WILL GROW AND MATURE QUICKLY! AND DOCTOR LOCKE, I HAVE THE POWER TO STRIKE YOU DEAD AS YOU STAND!

R'NERTH...
ABSLTH...
GONDAR...



THE HIDEOUS LITTLE MOUTH GRINNED AS IT SPewed FORTH THE DEADLY SPELL FROM THE FORBIDDEN BOOKS... I STRUCK WITH THE ONLY THING AT MY COMMAND!

I BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WORLD AND...



WHACK!

...I'LL TAKE YOU OUT!



THE THING I GRAPPLED WITH WAS LESS THAN TEN YEARS OLD, YET HAD THE STRENGTH AND POWER OF A MAN MORE THAN MY EQUAL... LEM NEEDED NO SPELL... HE WAS KILLING ME WITH HIS BARE HANDS!

NO CHANCE...
UNLESS...



CHUK!
AIEEEEEEE!



OUTSIDE THE BLACKBIRDS WERE SEARCHING VIOLENTLY... THE THING CRUMBLed AND DECAYED WITH THE DEATH STROKE, NOT LIKE SOMETHING OF LEM'S AGE, BUT AS WOULD THE ANCIENT *SIMON HECATE*, BEHIND ME AS I STAGGERED FROM THE PLACE OF TREAD, A FIRE WAS STARTING.





THERE WAS NO SENSE OF VICTORY OR TRAMPA
AS I RAN FROM THE SHACK... ONLY HORROR
AND REVULSION! ABOVE ME I COULD HEAR
THE HEATING 'BLACKBIRDS' WINGS AS THEY
SILENTLY FLEW AWAY...

IT DOESN'T
MATTER! THERE
ARE NO NEW-
BORN CHILDREN.
HIS SOUL IS
DOOMED!



SOMEHOW I MADE IT BACK TO LUNCH-
WICK... TO MY OWN HOME...

DOC! WE'VE LOOKED
ALL OVER FOR YOU...
YOUR WIFE... THE BABY
CAME PREMATURELY!

WE HAD
TO GET DOC
ZONAS FROM
GREENHILLS...



HALF-PAID, I WAS PUSHED INSIDE...
FEELING LIKE AWAY IN A DREAM...

I WANT YOU TO KNOW,
LOCKE... I DID EVERYTHING
I COULD! THINGS SEEMED
TO GO WELL... THEN, WHEN IT
WAS OVER, SHE... BUT YOU
SHOULDN'T THINK OF THAT!
TRY TO THINK ABOUT...



YOUR
SON! FINE
AND HEALTHY!



I STARTED AT THE WRINKLED RED FACE
BEFORE ME. HAD MY WIFE SEEN THE
SAME HORRORS IN THOSE SPARKLING
BLACK EYES AS MRS. CATLETT IN LEAF?
I COULDN'T BE SURE... HE LOOKED
BRIGHT AND FINE... YET SOMEWHERE I
COULD STILL HEAR A VOICE SAYING:
CALL ME SIMON!



NO USE HESITATING AROUND (HEH,
HEH)... DOC LOCKE'S REALLY GOT
A PROBLEM! HOPE HE CAN FIND AN
ANSWER... ALTHOUGH IT MIGHT
TAKE QUITE A SPILL TO
GET TO THE SOUL

OF THE
MATTER!



PERK UP YOUR POINTED LITTLE EARS, *RABID READERS*, THAT WEIRD WAIL YOU HEAR ISN'T A FIRE ENGINE! IT'S SOMETHING FAR MORE TERRIBLE ... BETTER HANG ONTO YOUR MARBLES, YOU DON'T WANT TO LOSE THEM AS WE PAY A VISIT TO AN INSANE ASYLUM WHERE YOU'LL MEET THE INCREDIBLE ...

SHRIEKING MAN!



COMPLETELY UNRECLAIMABLE! BEEN LIKE THIS FOR TEN YEARS... HOMICIDALLY VIOLENT!



RESPONDS TO NO TYPE OF TREATMENT! PERHAPS EXPERIMENTAL DRUGS...

MY SPECIALTY! YOU KNOW THAT, COLBERT... ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT! NONE!



YOU'RE THE ACKNOWLEDGED MASTER, DR. MANDRELL! TO WORK UNDER YOU IS THE MAIN REASON I TOOK THIS POST. THOUGH A STATE ASYLUM SEEMS OBSCURE FOR A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS...

I DON'T CRAVE THE LIMELIGHT... THIS SUITS MY NEEDS FINE!



YOU'VE SEEN THE WHOLE LAYOUT NOW, COLBERT... IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A FUNERAL TO ATTEND!

F-FUNERAL?

INMATE DIED. NO KIN. WE HAVE A POTTER'S FIELD JUST OFF THE GROUNDS... AS DIRECTOR, I HAVE TO BE THERE!

THEN, I'LL SPEND TIME WITH PATIENTS' RECORDS...



DR. COLBERT WAS YOUNG, EAGER AND DEDICATED. A CASUAL CHECK DEVELOPED INTO A LATE NIGHT STUDY...

CAN'T FORGET ABOUT THAT PATIENT... NO NAME, NO BACKGROUND! PICKED UP ON A RAMPADE... CONFINED EVER SINCE SHRIEKING AND SCREAMING!

IF ONLY I COULD DO SOMETHING... SURELY THE POSSIBILITIES AREN'T EXHAUSTED!



SOMEONE'S PROWLING AROUND DOWN THERE!



WHEN! I CAN USE A BREAK...



LORD! WHAT'S THAT?



DRIVING CURIOSITY HAD PUSHED COLBERT TOWARD SUCCESS AT A YOUNG AGE. IT OUTREIGNED ANY OTHER EMOTION... EVEN FEAR!

WHOEVER IT WAS SEEMS TO BE GONE NOW... WHAT THE DEVIL WERE THEY DOING HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?





EARTH AROUND THIS ONE LOOKS FRESH... AS THOUGH SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE -- **WENT!** OF COURSE IT'S FRESH... THEY JUST BURIED A MAN TODAY!



SUPPRESSING A FEELING OF FOOLISHNESS, COLBERT TURNED IN THE CHILL NIGHT AIR AND STARTED BACK...

LOOKS LIKE A LIGHT AT HANDBELL'S PLACE... LONG AS HE'S UP, MAYBE I'LL CHECK WITH HIM...



A LIGHT FROST MADE THE GRASS CRUNCHED UNDERFOOT... NIGHT NOISES SEEMED TO HAVE CEASED...



THEN...



THE UNDERBRUSH BECAME ALIVE WITH THE SNAPPING OF TWIGS AND BRANCHES... SOMETHING WAS RUSHING TOWARD COLBERT... WITH SPEED AND FRENZY!

AAAGHHH!



COLBERT'S KNEES BUCKLED, HIS BODY SAGGED... THE SCREAMING HORROR FROM THE SHADOWS SLASHED AND CLAWED AT HIM LIKE SOME CRAZED ANIMAL... HE WAS GOING UNDER...



THROBING ACES
AND PAINS DROVE
COLBERT'S MIND
BACK TO
CONSCIOUSNESS

YOU WERE APPARENTLY ATTACKED BY A DRIVE-ROBBER!
THE CORPSE OF THE MAN WE
BURIED YESTERDAY WAS FOUND
LYING ON TOP OF ITS GRAVE

JUST BEFORE I WAS
ATTACKED... THERE WAS
A HORRIBLE SHRIEK!
FROM THE DIRECTION OF
YOUR HOUSE... BASEMENT
LIGHT WAS ON!

MY LABORATORY
... I WAS EX-
PERIMENTING
I HEARD NO SOUND...

SCREAM WAS AMAZINGLY
SIMILAR TO THE POOR
WRETCH WE'VE GOT...
I'D LIKE TO RUN SOME
TESTS... VARIOUS DRUGS
... PERHAPS...

COLBERT, I
KNOW HOW YOU
FEEL... TEN YEARS
AGO UNDER THE
OLD DIRECTOR,
HUTCHINS, I FELT
THE SAME WAY...
BUT I KNOW BEST!

THAT MAN IS
HOPELESS...
BESTIAL! ANY-
THING TO BE
DONE FOR HIM,
I HAVE TRIED/
I WANT HIM
LEFT ALONE, YOU
UNDERSTAND?
LEAVE HIM
ALONE!

BUT COLBERT HAD THEORIES...

...THEORIES HE WOULD NOT LEAVE
UNTESTED.

ENDING HIS TIME, HE WAITED...

UNTIL...

DR. MANDRELL ALWAYS
GAVE STRICT ORDERS
NOT TO MESS WITH
THIS GUY! THAT'S A
REAL WILD ANIMAL
IN THERE...

MANDRELL'S IN TOWN
TONIGHT... I'M IN CHARGE!
GET THIS PATIENT UP
TO MY LAB!

THE MANIAC WAS UNCONTROLLABLE... NEARLY AN HOUR HAD PASSED BEFORE THE MAN WAS STRAPPED DOWN IN THE LAB... HIS HORRENDOUS CRIES RINGING IN COLBERT'S EARS AS HE PREPARED THE INJECTION...

NO RECORD THAT MANDRELL EVER TRIED THE LSH-90... IT'S POWERFUL AND EFFECTIVE... ALMOST STANDARD IN EXTREME CASES...



... WHY HASN'T HE USED IT? IF WE'RE EVER GOING TO KNOW, IT'LL BE ... NOW!



THE WRITHING AND SCREAMING STOPPED... THE TORTURED FACE SOFTENED... THE WILD GLAZE OF THE EYES MOMENTARILY FADED...

MANDRELL! FOR GOD'S SAKE... DON'T! IT'S MURDER... IT'S...



IT'S WORKING! BUT WHAT...

THE MOMENT OF LUCIDITY FARED AS QUICKLY AS THE DRUG ITSELF ON THE RAGING, STRAINING HULK...



THE VIOLENT WAVE OF ANIMAL-MADNESS SURGED OVER COLBERT, DRAGGING HIM DOWN...



... LEAVING A WAKE OF DESTRUCTION!

HE'S ESCAPED! LORD... WHAT HAVE I DONE! WHY DIDN'T I LISTEN TO MANDRELL...



ONE PAIN-WRACKED STEP AFTER THE OTHER, COLBERT WILLED HIS FEET ACROSS THE GROUND...



GOT TO WARN HIM... WHY'D HE HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN TONIGHT...



INSIDE, THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY AND SILENT... EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT BUZZING IN THE BACK OF COLBERT'S MIND...



THE TRACE OF A SOUND CAME FROM THE BASEMENT... COLBERT STAGGERED DOWNWARD, SOMEHOW EXPECTING WHAT HE WAS TO FIND...



COLBERT! YOU PRYING FOOL!

INFLECTING TORMENT ON THE DEAD...



LIFE? YOU CALL THOSE SHRIeking TORTURED THINGS LIFE? THEY WANT THE PLACE OF THE GRAVE! THEY FIGHT TO GET BACK TO IT! LIKE THAT FRENCHED SOUL IN THE PADDED CELL FOR 10 YEARS!

YOU MEAN HUTCHINS? MY FORMER SUPERIOR... MY STUPID EMPLOYER... MY GREATEST SUCCESS...



HE OUTLIVED THE OTHERS... THE SOONER YOU INJECT THE SERUM THE BETTER, SINCE I KILLED HIM, HE WAS MUCH HANDIER! JUST AS YOU'LL BE, COLBERT! YOU MAY EVEN SHARE THE SAME PADDED CELL!

HUTCHINS' BEEN OUT OF THE CELL FOR SOME TIME, MANDRELL...



N-NOOOOO!!

SEEE-YAH-
HNNH!!

THE ECHO OF THE INSANE SHRIeking RANG THROUGH THE OLD HOUSE, AS THE REVENGE-DRIVEN DEAD THING PLUNGED TOWARD ITS TORMENTOR! MERCIFULLY, COLBERT COLLAPSED AS MANDRELL'S SCREAMS JOINED THE ON...



A STREAM OF SUNLIGHT ON HIS FACE CAUSED COLBERT TO STIR...

MORNING... WHAT
HAPPENED TO THEM?



HE SEARCHED THE HOUSE, FIND-
ING NOTHING... THEN STEPPED
OUTSIDE...

CROWD GATHERED!
SHOULD I LOOK?
DO I REALLY WANT
TO SEE?



DR. COLBERT COULD NOT STOP HIS
FEET, NOR HIS EYES... AT LAST
HUTCHINS HAD FOUND THE PEACE
HE'D SCREAMED TEN YEARS FOR,
SHARING IT WITH MANDRELL, WHOSE
DEATH-FROZEN FACE WOULD SHRIEK
FOR ETERNITY!



RATHER A GRAVE ENDING, BUT A LEAST MANDRELL GOT
SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT... IF HE ISN'T TOO
CHOKED UP! NOW, TAKE ON MY NEXT TERROR-TALE...
IT'S A SCREAM!





NOW, DEAR READERS, WE DIP INTO THE PULSATING PAGES OF MACABRE MASTER
EDGAR ALLAN POE TO DRAW FORTH HIS CREEPY CLASSIC...

The MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH



DEAR GOD, THE
DISEASE IS UPON
HIM! STAND CLEAR!
STAND CLEAR!

THE RED DEATH HAD LONG DEVASTATED THE COUNTRY: NO PESTILENCE HAD EVER BEEN SO FATAL, OR SO HIDE-
OUS. BLOOD WAS ITS AVATAR, AND ITS SEAL... THE SCARLET STAINS UPON FACE AND BODY OF THE VICTIMS
WERE THE PEST BAN WHICH SHUT HIM OUT FROM THE AID AND SYMPATHY OF HIS FELLOW MEN...

FROM FIRST SEIZURE
TO DEATH'S LAST RAT-
TLE, TAKES BUT HALF
AN HOUR... ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME
AND THE RED DEATH!!
HAVE US ALL!

AH, US... BUT NOT THEM! NOT PRINCE
PROSPERO AND HIS FRIENDS, THEY'VE SEALED
UP SAFE IN THE CASTLE! TODAY HIS COURTIERS
WELDED SHUT THE GREAT IRON GATES!



PRINCE PROSPERO WAS HAPPY AND DIGNIFIED; THE EXTERNAL WORLD COULD TAKE CARE OF ITSELF. IT WAS FOLLY TO GRIEVE, OR THINK, AND AGAINST THIS PROSPERO HAD PROVIDED ALL THE APPLIANCES OF PLEASURE ALL THESE AND SECURITY WAS WITHIN. WITHOUT WAS THE RED DEATH...



MY LORD MOST, WITH THE GATES SEALED THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE CASTLE.

MY LADY, WITH PROVISIONS SUCH AS THESE HINDO WHAT FOR? HA, HA.

IT WAS TOWARD THE CLOSE OF THE SIXTH MONTH OF THIS SECLUSION, WHILE THE PESTILENCE RAGED MOST FURIOUSLY ABOARD, THAT PRINCE PROSPERO ARRANGED AN UNUSUAL ENTERTAINMENT...



HOW CAN I MASKED BALL IN THE IMPERIAL SUITE!

YOU KNOW THE PLACE THENT MAGNIFICENTLY SUZARNE! THERE ARE SEVEN SEPARATE ROOMS, EACH A DIFFERENT COLOR... AND THE LAST IS BLACK!

PROSPERO'S A GENIUS FOR DETAIL... EACH AND EVERY FURNISHING MATCHES THE HUE OF ITS PARTICULAR ROOM! EVERYTHING IN ORANGE FOR THE ORANGE ROOM, BLUE FOR THE BLUE ROOM

YOU FORGET THE ONE EXCEPTION... IN THE BLACK ROOM, THE ILLUMINATION IS THE DEEP RED COLOR OF BLOOD! PROSPERO'S ALSO A GENIUS FOR THE MACABRE!



AND THE PRINCE'S GENIUS WAS THE GUIDING TASTE THAT GAVE CHARACTER TO THE MASQUERADES. THERE WAS MUCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL, MUCH OF THE TERRIBLE, AND NOT A LITTLE OF THAT WHICH MIGHT HAVE EXCITED DISGUST...

DANCE! WRITE! LIKE THE DREAM CREATURES I MEANT YOU TO BE! TO AND FRO, IN AND OUT... A MULTITUDE OF DREAMS TAKING HUE FROM MY ROOMS OF COLOR! DANCE! DANCE!

THE OTHER ROOMS WERE PERFECTLY CROWDED, BUT TO THE BLACK ROOM, NONE OF THE REVELERS WOULD VENTURE. WITHIN ITS SHROUDED WALLS THERE STOOD A GIANTIC CLOCK OF EBONY AS EACH HOUR HAD STRUCK, FROM THE BROZEN LASS OF ITS CLOCK CAME A SOUND OF SO PECULIAR A NOTE THAT THE AUDIENCES WERE CONSTRAINED TO PAUSE...

...AND EVEN THE GIDDIEST OF THE DANCERS CEASED AND GREW PALE!



BUT WHEN THE BONGS HAD FULLY CEASED, ALL SMILED AT THEIR OWN NERVOUSNESS AND MADE WHISPERING VOICES, EACH TO THE OTHER, THAT THE NEXT CHIMING OF THE CLOCK WOULD NOT FIND THEM AGAIN AFRAID...



THEN, AGAIN, AFTER THE LAPSE OF SIXTY MINUTES WOULD COME THE NEXT CIRCUSUS CHIMING AND WITH IT THE SAME FEAR AND TREMBLATION!



WHAT WHIMSEY OF PRINCE PROSPERO PROVIDED SUCH A TIMEPIECE TO TELL THE HOUR! IT'S A MOST DEPRESSING SOUND!

THE WHIMSEY OF A MAD-MAN SOME MIGHT SAY! M'LADEY... THOUGH CERTAINLY I WOULD NOT! COME, FORGET... *SHAKE!*



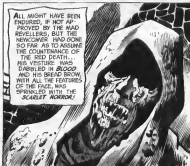


THE REVEL WENT WHIRLINGLY ON UNTIL AT LENGTH THERE COMMENCED THE SOUNDING OF MIDNIGHT UPON THE CLOCK; AND THERE WAS AN SNEASY CESSATION OF ALL THINGS AS BEFORE, BUT NOW THERE WERE TWELVE STROKES TO BE SOUNDED, AND A MUCH LONGER TIME TO PAUSE AND THINK.

THERE AROSE AT LENGTH FROM THE WHOLE COMPANY A MURMUR OF FIRST SURPRISE, THEN TERROR, HORROR, AND FINALLY, DISGUST...



SHRE THE FELLOW GOES TOO FAR! EVEN AMONG THE UTTERLY LOST TO WHOM LIFE AND DEATH ARE BOTH JOKE, THERE ARE MATEERS OF WHICH NO JEST CAN BE MADE!



ALL MIGHT HAVE BEEN ENDURED, IF NOT APPROVED BY THE MAD REVELLERS, BUT THE NEWCOMER HAD GONE SO FAR AS TO ASSUME THE COUNTINANCE OF THE RED DEATH... HIS VESTURE WAS DABBLED IN BLOOD AND HIS BROAD BROW, WITH ALL THE FEATURES OF THE FACE, WAS SPARKLED WITH THE SCARLET HORROR!

BEFORE THE LAST ECHOES OF THE LAST CHWEE HAD UTTERLY SUNK INTO SILENCE, THE MICKERNESS DANCERS BECAME AWARE OF THE PRESENCE OF A MAGNIFICENT FIGURE WHICH HAD ARRESTED THE ATTENTION OF NO SINGLE INDIVIDUAL BEFORE...



WHO DARES INSULT US WITH THIS BLASPHEMOUS MOCKERY? SEIZE HIM AND UNMASK HIM!

BUT FROM A CERTAIN
NAMELESS FIVE WITH
WHICH THE MADE
ASSUMPTIONS OF
THE FIGURE HAD
RESERVED THE
WHOLE PARTY THERE
WERE NONE WHO
PUT FORTH HAND TO
SEIZE HIM...



THEN, PRINCE PROSPERO, MADDED WITH RAGE
AND THE SHAME OF HIS OWN MOMENTARILY COM-
ARDICE, RUSHED FORWARD...



FOOL!
I'LL ATTEND TO
THIS INTRUDER
MYSELF!

WITH A SOLEMN AND MEASURED STEP THE SILENT FIGURE MOVED FROM THE BLUE CHAMBER INTO THE PURPLE,
THROUGH THE PURPLE TO THE GREEN, AND ON TO THE ORANGE, THEN THE WHITE...



... EVEN THENCE TO THE VIOLET ROOM...



MOCKING
RAVINE! YOU
CAN'T ESCAPE!
NOTHING LIES
BEYOND BUT THE
SEVENTH ROOM...



...THE BLACK
CHAMBER!

HAVING ATTAINED THE EXTREMITY OF THE BLACK CHAMBER, THE GRIM INTRUDER TURNED SUDDENLY & CONFRONTED HIS PURSUER!



AAAAARRRGHHH!!



HE'S SLAIN THE PRINCE!
CAPTURE HIM! STOP HIM!

SUMMONING THE WILD COURAGE OF DESPAIR, A THROG OF REVELLERS HURLED THEMSELVES INTO THE BLACK COMPARTMENT WHERE THE GHAINT FIGURE STOOD BRECT AND MOTIONLESS WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE EBONY CLOCK...

YET THE AVENGERS COULD ONLY GASP IN UNUTTERABLE HORROR AS THEY SEIZED THE MASQUERADE, WITH VIOLENCE, AND FOUND THE GRAVE CEREMENTS AND CORPSE LIKE MASK UNEARTHED BY ANY TANGIBLE FORM!



AND NOW WAS ACKNOWLEDGED THE PRESENCE OF THE RED DEATH! HE HAD COME LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT, AND ONE BY ONE DROPPED THE REVELLERS IN THE BLOOD BEDEWED HALLS OF THEIR REVEL, AND DIED EACH IN THE DESPAIRING POSTURE OF HIS FALL!



AND THE LIFE OF THE EBONY CLOCK WENT OUT WITH THAT OF THE LAST OF THE GAY AND THE FLAMES OF THE TRIPODS EXPIRED, AND DARKNESS AND DECAY AND THE RED DEATH HELD ILIMITABLE DOMINION OVER ALL!!

HOPE WE DIDN'T
FLAGGME YOU TOO
MUCH WITH THIS
YELL YARN, FEAR
SOME FENDERS,
BUT IF WE DID
BOY, WILL YOUR
FACE BE RED!





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MAIL COUPON TODAY—WHILE THEY LAST!

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COVER UP THOSE MONSTEROUS MUSS WITH A SURGICAL MASK, FROLICKING FIENDIES, AND JOIN ME IN THE OPERATING ROOM ... HAND ME MY SCALPEL AND I'LL OPEN UP THE STRANGE STORY OF....

THE WANDERER!

THE ROOM'S ATMOSPHERE WAS CHARGED WITH TENSENESS. THE DOCTOR WORKED WITH A SILENT, YET DESPERATE EFFICIENCY. FOR A TIME THE ONLY SOUND WAS THAT OF THE PATIENT BREATHING. THEN, EVEN THAT CEASED...



I'M NOT GETTING A PULSE READING, DOCTOR! THE HEART HAS STOPPED!

TRY ANOTHER INJECTION OF ADRENALIN...

NO RESPONSE, DOCTOR. HE'S DEAD!

NOT UNTIL I SAY SO! I'M GOING TO TRY MASSAGING HIS HEART!

ADKINS

AGONIZING SECONDS STRETCHED INTO LONG, PAINFUL MINUTES AS THE DOCTORS GLOVED FINGERS LABORED FEVERISHLY AT THEIR CRUCIAL TASK, UNTIL ...

NO USE! I'VE LOST HIM! REPAIR THE INCISION AND HAVE HIM TAKEN AWAY...

YOU DID EVERYTHING THAT WAS POSSIBLE, DOCTOR. NO ONE COULD HAVE DONE ANYMORE!

I FELT SO CERTAIN I COULD SAVE HIM! LIKE HE WASN'T REALLY BEYOND MY REACH...

THE SHEET-COVERED FIGURE WAS WHEELED THROUGH THE HOSPITAL'S LONG CORRIDORS, INTO AN ELEVATOR, AND DOWN... DOWN TO THE CHILL MARBLE SLABS OF THE MORGUE!

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU, PINLAY, NO LINE ON THE NEXT OF KIN...

THEN HE CAN REST HERE QUIETLY TILL SOMEBODY CLAIMS HIM!

THE INTERN LEFT, AND THE MORGUE WITH ITS SHROUDED CHARGES WAS SILENT ONCE MORE ...

I HOPE IF SOMEONE DOES COME BY TO IDENTIFY THE STIFF, THEY WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT SHIFT...

MORGUE

...I JUST WANNA READ AND NOT BE BOTHERED!

SMOOTH

YAHHHHHH!

DOCTOR! THEY NEED YOU IN THE MORGUE
RIGHT AWAY! SOMETHING ABOUT THE
PATIENT YOU OPERATED ON...



LET GO! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO KEEP ME
HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT! LET ME
GO! LET ME GO!



SHOCK RIVETED DOCTOR AND NURSE WHERE THEY STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, GAZING IN
DISBELIEF AT THE RAVING FORM BEFORE THEM...

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I'VE GOT
TO LEAVE... GET AWAY! YOU CAN'T
HOLD ME HERE! YOU CAN'T!

DOCTOR!
I-IT'S...

...THE MAN WHO DIED ON MY
OPERATING TABLE!!



WE HEARD OL' PINLAY
SCREAMING... THIS GUY
NEARLY SCARED HIM
TO DEATH!

T-THIS IS FANTAS-
TIC! LET THE MAN
GO! I'VE GOT TO ASK
HIM SOME QUESTIONS!

CALM DOWN... RELAX!
YOU'VE GOT TO REMEM-
BER ANYTHING YOU CAN
ABOUT HOW THIS
HAPPENED! IT'S THE
ONLY WAY I CAN HELP!

ALL I WANT
IS TO GET OUT
OF HERE! I'LL
TRY TO TELL
YOU IF YOU'LL
DO THAT FOR ME.



THE DOCTOR NODDED AND THE MAN BEGAN
TALKING IN HIS LOW MONOTONOUS VOICE,
TONELESS AND RASPY, YET SOMEHOW
CAPABLE OF INSTILLING VIVID IMAGES IN
THE DOCTOR'S MIND...

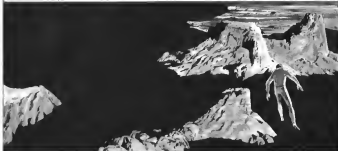
"FIRST, THERE WAS THE WRECK. IT WAS LATE, I WAS TIRED... IMPATIENT TO BE HOME... SPEEDING... THE OTHER CAR APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE, PERHAPS A SIDEROAD. THERE WAS NEVER A CHANCE FOR EITHER OF US!"



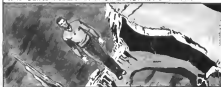
"FOR HOURS, PERHAPS DAYS, PERHAPS LONGER, DARKNESS ENCOMPASSED ME, THEN SLOWLY I BECAME AWARE... I WAS MOVING. WONDERING THROUGH SWIRLING MISTS... WALKING, IT SEEMED AT FIRST..."



"THEN I REALIZED I WAS DRIFTING. FLOATING IN THE UNKNOWN. MOVEMENT ON MY PART WAS POSSIBLE, YET IT SEEMED FUTILE AND USELESS, UNNECESSARY IN MY WANDERING..."



"FOR A MOMENT, OR AN ETERNITY, OR PERHAPS A THOUSAND ETERNITIES I DRIFTED SEEMINGLY WITHOUT AIM OR PURPOSE, YET IMPERCEPTIVELY, GRADUALLY I WAS BEING PULLED IN A DIRECTION... DOWNWARD!"



"UNTIL, FINALLY, I REACHED...
SOMETHING!"



"THEY SWARMED BELOW ME, GRASPING AND PULLING WITH INHUMAN CLAWS, DRAGGING MY FLOATING FORM NEARER AND NEARER TO THEIR HIDEOUS, GLOATING FACES..."



"TO MOVE WAS A FANTASTIC EFFORT, TO FIGHT OR STRUGGLE SEEMED A MONUMENTAL IM-POSSIBILITY... I WAS GATHERED INTO THE CLUTCHES OF THOSE CREATURES AND CARRIED FORTH..."



"AS I WAS SWEEPED ALONG ON THAT TIDE OF OBSCENE HORRORS, I REALIZED FOR THE FIRST TIME I HAD NOT BEEN ALONE IN MY WONDERING... OTHERS WERE DRIFTING, SOME FAST, SOME SLOW, TOWARD THE SAME INEVITABLE FATE..."



"MY GAZE SHIFTED WITH EFFORT FROM ABOVE TO AHEAD, AND THE FULL REALIZATION OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING RAMMED HOME WITH REVULSION AND SICKENING FEAR... THE END OF MY WANDERING WAS HORRIBLY AT HAND!"



"THE FLAMES OF OBLIVION BATHED ME IN BLAST FURNACE HEAT AS MY BESTIAL BEARERS MOVED FORWARD UNRELENTINGLY, AND RAV PANIC RAGED WITHIN ME LIKE A CAGED BEAST..."



"YET, THERE WAS NO WILL, NO DETERMINATION FOR ONE LAST GREAT EFFORT, ONE FINAL STRUGGLE, ONE TERRIBLE FIGHT TO MOVE AND ESCAPE...UNTIL A SHADOW FELL FROM ABOVE AND A FIGURE DRIFTED NEAR..."



"HAD THAT FIGURE CONTINUED DOWNWARD LIKE MYSELF AND ALL THE OTHERS, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE ACTED, BUT SUDDENLY IT HALTED, THEN BEGAN TO RISE UP, AS THOUGH BEING PULLED OUT OF THIS HELL...
SUDDENLY, I KNEW I MUST MOVE!"



"THE DEMON CREATURES WERE CAUGHT UNAWARE, BUT I HAD NO TIME TO THINK OF THEM. THE UPWARD PULL WAS STRONG ENOUGH ONLY FOR ONE, AND I FOUGHT SAVAGELY TO MAKE SURE IT WOULD BE ME!"



"AS THE STRUGGLE RAGED, THE MONSTERS BELOW LASHED AND CLAWED TO REGAIN THE BURDEN THEY HAD LOST, AND IN THEIR DESPERATION AND HASTE, DRAGGED DOWN THE MAN I BATTLED IN THEIR OBSCENE GRIP!"



"FREE OF MY OPPONENT, I SHOT UPWARD, RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER...FEELING A CHILL GROW ON MY BACK, THE COLD CHILL OF MARBLE..."



THE VIVID IMAGES OF THE TALE GRIPPED THE DOCTOR TIGHTLY. MOMENTS PASSED BEFORE HE REALIZED THE MAN HAD STOPPED TALKING...

T-THEN...YOU AWOKE... HERE...IN THE MORGUE?

NOW YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL! GET ME SOME CLOTHES. LET ME GET OUT OF HERE... THAT'S ALL I WANT!



IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE...I MUST FIND OUT MORE! YOU WERE DEAD! LEGALLY DEAD! IT'LL REQUIRE INTENSIVE EXAMINATION... WE'VE GOT TO KNOW THE ANSWER!

I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE! I WANT OUT! LET ME GET AWAY!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

Y-YOU CAN'T BELIEVE ANY OF THAT STORY, DOCTOR? IT MUST HAVE BEEN BROUGHT ON BY ANESTHETIC, THE STRAIN OF THE OPERATION...

I DON'T KNOW... THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO CHECK IN THE RECORDS ROOM...



THAT PATIENT WAS A **HEART ATTACK** VICTIM... IN A THEATER LOBBY... HE WASN'T IN A **CAR WRECK**...

THAT COULD HAVE BEEN SOMETHING FROM HIS PAST, SOMETHING TOSSED ABOUT BY HIS MIND WHILE UNCONSCIOUS...



THE DOCTOR PUT ASIDE THE FILES HE'D BEEN STUDYING AND HEADED QUICKLY FOR THE HALL...

I HOPE SO... BECAUSE TWO YEARS AGO, AN **AUTO ACCIDENT** CASE DIED ON THE OPERATING TABLE HERE, **SAME DATE AND TIME** THAT MY PATIENT'S HEART STOPPED BEATING!



TROUBLED, HALF-FORMED THOUGHTS NAGGED AT THE DOCTOR'S MIND AS HE RUSHED ALONG THE DESERTED HALL TOWARD THE ROOM IN WHICH THE PATIENT HAD BEEN PLACED.



SAY! WHO'S THERE...? I LEFT ORDERS NO ONE WAS TO DISTURB THAT PATIENT BUT ME!



COME BACK HERE!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?
I SAID...



GNYAHHH!



THE BESTIAL COUNTEenance WHIRLED ROUND AND ROUND IN THE DOCTOR'S MIND, CARVING AN INDELIBLE IMAGE INTO HIS MEMORY... THEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED...

OH, LORD... THAT
FACE... I --

DOCTOR! THE PATIENT...
IT'S HORRIBLE... YOU'VE
GOT TO SEE...

A TERRIBLE ODOOR PERMEATED THE HOSPITAL ROOM, ADDING TO THE REVULSION WHICH TRANSFIXED THE DOCTOR AND NURSE UPON ENTERING... AMPLIFYING THE VISION OF TERROR ALREADY PRESENTED TO THEIR EYES!



I-IT LOOKS LIKE
SOMETHING... SOME --
ONE WHO...

...HAS BEEN DEAD FOR
AT LEAST...
TWO YEARS!

LET THAT BE A
LESSON TO YOU DEAD
READERS, DON'T TRY
TO COME BACK ON SOME-
BODY ELSE'S OPPORTUNI-
TY... IT ONLY BRINGS
OUT HOW ROTTEN
YOU ARE!





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GREETINGS, GHOULS... FIND YOURSELF IN THE SAME OLD ROTTEN RUT DAY-IN, DAY-OUT? HOWLING FOR A CHANGE OF PACE IN YOUR HORROR HABIT? THEN PUT YOURSELF IN THE PLACE OF GEORGE SIMMONS, WHO'S ABOUT TO DISCOVER LIFE, AND EVEN DEATH CAN BECOME...

A MATTER OF ROUTINE!

LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY YOU LEAVE THE OFFICE AT 5:00 P.M. UTTERING THE SAME TIRED PHRASES TO EVERYONE ELSE LEAVING WITH YOU...

SEE YOU, GEORGE...

G'NIGHT, HARRY. SEE YOU TOMORROW...

LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY YOU BUY THE AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER, AND ELBOW YOUR WAY INTO THE CRUSH FOR THE COMMUTER TRAIN...

WONDER HOW THE METS MADE OUT TODAY...

LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY, YOU BUCK THE STRUGGLE FOR A SEAT AND FINALLY SETTLE DOWN WITH YOUR PAPER ON THE LONG-ISLAND TRAIN...

PLAYING POKER THIS THURSDAY, PHIL?

NOT IF YOU WIN LIKE LAST WEEK, GEORGE...

YOU GET OFF THE TRAIN WITH THE SAME CROWD OF
COMMUTERS AS ALWAYS, WALK PAST THE SAME
PLATFORM BILLBOARDS AS ALWAYS...



THE CAR IS IN THE SAME PARKING LOT AS
ALWAYS, NEEDING A WASH AND POLISH AS
ALWAYS...



YOU CLEAR
THE KIDS' TOYS
FROM THE DRIVE
AND PARK AS
ALWAYS, STRIDE
WEARILY UP TO
THE FRONT PORCH
AS ALWAYS...



AUTOMATICALLY
YOU TWIST THE
KEY IN THE LOCK,
OPEN THE DOOR,
AND STEP INSIDE..
AS ALWAYS...





WAVES OF SHOCK PULSE OVER YOU LIKE THE STEAMING HEAT RISING FROM THE ASHEN GROUND BENEATH YOUR FEET...

T-THIS IS INSANE!
IMPOSSIBLE! I SHOULD BE
INSIDE MY HOUSE... I-IT JUST
CAN'T BE!

ON TREMBLING LEGS YOU
MOVE FORWARD INTO
THIS NIGHTMARE THAT
YOUR MIND DENIES EVEN
AS YOUR TINGLING
SENSES PROCLAIM ITS
EXISTENCE...

YOU KNOW YOU DO NOT WANT TO
SEE THE SOURCE OF THOSE TERRIBLE
CRIES... YET YOU SUDDENLY FIND YOUR
EYES RIVETED ON A SCENE OF
BARBAROUS HORROR! YOU FIGHT A
SWEEPING LASH OF NAUSEA

IT'S A MAN! THOSE
T-THINGS ARE TEARING
HIM TO PIECES!



LORD!
THAT
HORRIBLE
SCREAM...
CAME FROM
THIS WAY!



THE SCREAMING FADES
AND SOMEHOW YOU GAIN COURAGE
TO LOOK UP AGAIN... THE MONSTERS ARE GONE!
YOU MOVE TO THE SIDE OF THE MUTILATED FORM, ONCE
A MAN, SOMEHOW STILL BREATHING...

PHIL! OH LORD... PHIL! WHAT
WERE THOSE THINGS?

G-GEORGE...
YOU HERE! YOU
DEAD TOO...

WHAT'RE YOU
SAYING...? WE'RE
ALIVE! WE WERE ON
THE TRAIN TOGETHER...

IF YOU'RE
ALIVE, GEORGE,
RUN... ESCAPE!
I WAS KILLED IN
CAR WRECK... DRIVING
FROM STATION! THIS IS...
LAND OF THE DEAD!



THE WORDS BRING
A CHILL TO YOUR BODY
LIKE AN ICICLE IN THE
HEART... RAW PAIN
STRIKES AT YOU WITH
SLEDGE-HAMMER
BLOWS AS GROSS
INHUMAN NOISES GROW
LOUDER BEHIND YOU...

RUN, GEORGE...
ESCAPE...

ANOTHER ONE!
SEIZE HIM... GET HIM!

YOU RUN, AS YOU'VE
NEVER RUN BEFORE... LEG
MUSCLES QUIVERING AND STIFFEN-
ING WITH THE EFFORT... LUNGS
RAW AND THROBBING WITH EACH
TORTURED DASP...

NO! LEAVE ME ALONE... IT'S A
MISTAKE! I'M ALIVE... ALIVE!

UNLESS I
SWIM FOR IT, THEY'LL
GET ME SURE...

THE WATER!
SOMETHING'S STIRRING
BELOW!

NO! NO! NOOOOOO!

YOU FALL TO THE SCORCHED BLACK CINDERS OF EARTH, YOUR ONLY ESCAPE ROUTE BANISHED... THEN SUDDENLY YOU ARE GRIPPED FROM ALL SIDES BY A HORRENDOUSLY INHUMAN TOUCH LIKE A THOUSAND SLITHERING WORMS! YOU KICK, STRUGGLE, SQUIRM, SCREAM...

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!
I'M ALIVE, I TELL YOU...
ALIVE!

THEY ALL THINK THAT...
AT FIRST! IF YOU AREN'T DEAD NOW...

NO WORDS, NO ACTIONS HAVE ANY EFFECT ON THE BRUTE CREATURES... SHOWING NEITHER PITY NOR CONCERN, ONLY UNNATURAL ANTICIPATION, THEY LENTLESSLY BRING YOU TO THE PLACE OF RECKONING...

...YOU SOON
WILL BE!

**PLEASE! T-TWO CAN'T BE
HAPPENING...OH GEORGE
SIMMONS! I'M ALIVE!**

**ABOVE YOUR HEAD QUIVERS THE EXECUTIONER'S AXE,
HORRIBLE IN THIS DAMNED PLACE NOT FOR WHAT IT WILL
END, BUT FOR WHAT IT BEGINS...**

**SILENCE! THIS IS NOT A TIME OF
BRAWNING... ONLY OF
RECKONING!**

**THERE IS
NOTHING
BUT SILENCE,
SAVE FOR THE
DRY CRACKLE OF
THE LEDGER
PAGES AS THEY
TURN, AND
YOUR OWN
ANGUISH SOBS...**

**HIS FINAL
ENTRY'S NEVER
BEEN MADE! HE
SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN
CALLED! NOT YET...
IT'S A BREAK IN THE
ROUTINE!**

**BOLTS! YOUR
GREEDY BLOODLUSTING
CAUSED THIS! LET THE
WRETCH GO!**

**THE MISTS SWIRL AND
CLOSE IN ON YOU AS RELEASE COMES
FROM THE TERRIBLE GRASP THAT HELD YOU...LEAVING ONLY
THE FADING ECHO OF THE HOLLOW VOICE OF DOOM...**

**...WE'LL HAVE HIM FOR GOOD
SOON ENOUGH!**

YOU GET OFF THE TRAIN WITH THE SAME CROWD OF COMMUTERS AS ALWAYS, WALK PAST THE SAME PLATFORM BILLBOARDS AS ALWAYS...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME... DAYDREAMING LIKE THAT! MUST BE THE HEAT...

YOU DRIVE HOME AND PARK AS ALWAYS, STRIDE WEARILY UP TO THE FRONT PORCH AS ALWAYS...

BUT MY BRIEF CASE... HAT... BOTH GONE!

AUTOMATICALLY YOU START TO TWIST THE KEY IN THE LOCK... AS ALWAYS...

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... HAS TO BE IMPOSSIBLE...

YOU FREEZE WITH YOUR HAND ON THE KEY! SUDDENLY AFRAID TO MOVE... IT'S JUST YOUR HOUSE, ONLY YOUR HOUSE BEHIND THAT DOOR... OR IS IT? YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE... AND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, OPENING YOUR FRONT DOOR, IF EVER YOU OPEN IT AGAIN, CAN NEVER BE... **A MATTER OF ROUTINE!**

HEH, HEH! LOOKS TO ME LIKE GEORGIE BETTER GET AN APARTMENT IN TOWN... UNLESS HE WANTS TO GROW OLD ON THE FRONT PORCH! TRY MY NEXT STORY... IT'LL MAKE YOU GROW OLD... **FROM FRIGHT!**

AH, THERE, *DEMONIAC DEVOTEES*, LIGHT UP A CANDLE AND DESCEND WITH ME INTO THE DARKER DEPTHS OF MAN'S DESIRES WHERE WE'LL MEET A RATHER UNPLEASANT FELLOW BUSILY (AND BRUTALLY) ENGAGED IN...

THE QUEST!



THERE WAS IN 15TH CENTURY EUROPE A CERTAIN BARON VON STROM, WHOSE POWER AND WEALTH WERE LEGEND. TO GAIN ALL THIS HAD TAKEN TIME, AND TIME IN TURN HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL... A TOLL WHICH, WITH EACH PASSING YEAR, THE BARON GREW MORE AND MORE RELUCTANT TO PAY, UNTIL AT LAST ALL HIS POWER AND ALL HIS WEALTH WERE CHanneLED TO ONE PURPOSE ONLY... PREVENTING THE COLLECTION OF TIMES FINAL PAYMENT.



SIRE, I BEG YOU HEAR ME OUT... Famine and disease stalk the land, your people suffer! Your help is needed!

TALK NOT TO ME OF THE RABBLE, FREDOR! NOT WHEN THE SECRET OF ETERNITY SEETHES AND BUBBLES BEFORE ME!



EYE OF NEWT, WING OF BAT, BLOOD OF LIZARD, HAIR OF CAT! MOTHER DARKNESS, BELIAL'S WIFE, GRANT MY MASTER *ETERNAL LIFE!*

'TIS DONE, MY LORD BARCH! OTHERS HAVE FAILED YE IN THE PAST, BUT NOT I... THE POTIONS COMPLETE, THE BREW OF EVERLASTING LIFE... YE NEED ONLY... *DRINK!*



AND SO I SHALL, MAG. *AFTER* YOU'VE SIPPED FROM THE GOBLET YOURSELF!

B-BUT... MASTER... I DON'T WANT TO LIVE FOREVER... ONLY YE BE WORTHY... I CAN'T...



YOU CAN AND SHALL! MUCH GOLD HAVE I GIVEN YOU, FAR MORE WILL YOU GET... BUT ONLY AFTER A TEST! NOW DRINK, ELSE I SKEWER YOU WHERE YOU STAND... *DRINK, MAG, EMPTY THE VESSEL!*



EEEEEE-YAAAAHHH!



ANOTHER FRAUD! ANOTHER! DEMENTED CRONE! SHE DESERVES FAR WORSE THAN TO STRANGLE ON HER OWN POISONOUS SWILL!

THERE *MUST* BE AN ANSWER! SOMEONE HAS THE SECRET! WHO? WHO?



SO IT WENT FOR YEARS, EACH FAILURE AND DECEIT ONLY ADDING TO A GROWING OBSESSION...

SIRE, WHAT YOU SEEK WAS NOT INTENDED FOR MORTALS, ABANDON THIS QUEST! I SPEAK NOT ONLY FOR THE FREE MEN OF YOUR VILLAGE BUT THE SERFS AS WELL...

MIND YOUR TONGUE FREDOR, LEST YOU FIND YOURSELF WITHOUT ONE TO SPEAK AT ALL!



PLEASE, MY LORD... EACH DAY THE LAND WITHERS,
EACH DAY MORE OF YOUR PEOPLE PERISH! YOUR
WEALTH, YOUR POWER NOW SQUANDERED COULD
SAVE ALL!

I CARE NOT ONE WHIT FOR THE
PEASANTS OR THEIR PROBLEMS! MY
GOLD'S FOR ANY WHO CAN GRANT
ME LIFE ETERNAL! NONE OTHER!



WOULD YOU HAVE BOONS FOR THE RABBLE, OLD
MAN? FIND THE SECRET! I'LL SAVE YOUR VILLAGE
THEN, ANYTHING NEEDED, I'LL GIVE! WELL,
FREDMAN? WHERE'S YOUR TONGUE NOW?



ARE YOU SILENT WITH FEAR, FREDOR? YOU WHINE
AND COMPLAIN BUT YOU WON'T TAKE EVEN THE
CHANCE THE OLD CRONE DID... BECAUSE IF YOU
FAIL, **YOU DIE!** ARE YOUR PEASANTS WORTH THAT?



GET OUT! ROT WITH THE REST OF THE SCUM!
I HELP ONLY THOSE WHO CAN HELP **ME!**



FREDOR! YOUR DAUGHTER...
SHE'S... THEY FOUND HER...
DEAD!



DEJECTED AND
WEARY, THE
OLD MAN MADE
HIS WAY OUT
OF THE
CASTLE INTO
THE FADING
TWILIGHT
AND THE
BARREN
SQUALOR
THAT WAS
THE DYING
VILLAGE...

WAS... WAS IT...
THE PLAGUE?

NO FREDOR, THERE ARE SO MANY
WAYS FOR THE POOR TO DIE IN
TIMES LIKE THESE... BEST IF YOU
DON'T DWELL ON IT!

FREDOR BENT CLOSE TO THE ONCE BEAUTIFUL
FORM BEFORE HIM, NOW COLD AND PALE.
GENTLY HE STROKED THE SOFT BLACK HAIR,
SMOOTHING THE LONG STRANDS AWAY FROM
THE SLENDER WHITE NECK... FOR A MOMENT,
HE CHOKED BACK A SOB...

... THEN
COLLAPSED IN A
TORRENT OF EMOTION...

THE BARON! IF ONLY HE'D DONE SOMETHING
BEFORE NOW... THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED
... IF ONLY HE'D ACTED... IF... IF...

YOU WILL
BE ABLE TO
TAKE CARE OF
A PROPER
BURIAL?

Y-YES... BUT,
FREDOR... YOUR OWN
DAUGHTER... WHY WON'T
YOU BE THERE?

I MUST
BRING THE
SECRET OF ETERNAL
LIFE TO BARON VON STROM!



WITH GRIM DETERMINATION, THE OLD MAN LED THE BARON INTO THE MIST-ENSHROUDED NIGHT...

BATHED IN THE FAINT PROTECTIVE GLOW OF FREDOR'S LANTERN, THE TWO FIGURES PIERCED THE NIGHT'S TERRIBLE BLACKNESS, UNTIL AT LENGTH THE OLD MAN HALTED





BATS! THE LIGHT MUST BE ATTRACTING THEM...



...WAIT! THEY...THEY'RE CHANGING... THEY'RE NOT BATS AT ALL...THEY'RE...



...VAMPIRES!!

YES, SIRE! AND AS THEY KILLED MY DAUGHTER SO SHALL THEY SLAY YOU! BUT NEVER FEAR...I'VE KEPT MY WORD. YOU'LL HAVE ETERNAL LIFE... THE ETERNAL LIFE OF THE UN-DEAD! THE FATE OF THE DAMNED... UNTIL SOMEONE DRIVES A STAKE IN YOUR HEART AS HAS DRIVEN IN MY DAUGHTER'S!



NATURALLY, FREDOR WAS THOUGHTFUL ENOUGH TO CARRY A CRUCIFIX, SO THAT HE DIDN'T WIND UP AS THE BARON'S COMPANION, ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH VON STROM HAS ENOUGH PLAYMATES TO LAST HIM A LIFETIME ... WHICH MAY NOT BE TOO LONG WHERE HE'S CONCERNED!



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CAUTIOUSLY, VERNON HALE INCHED HIS WAY ALONG THE COLD STONE WALL, SLOWLY DESCENDING THE STEPS THAT LED TO THE CELLAR OF THE HUGE MANSION...DRIFTING UP FROM BELOW CAME HIS UNCLE'S VOICE...

AT LAST! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY THE OLD SKIN-FLINT MAKES THESE MIDNIGHT VISITS DOWN HERE!

ABORNAH...
ASHTAROTH...
IBNALLAH...

WHAT'S THAT GIBBERISH?...
LORD? UNCLE CORNELIUS MUST
BE OUT OF HIS SKULL! WHAT
DOES HE THINK HE'S DOING?

ZIMNAH ORGALLA
PHERNATH DROSH...

IT'S LIKE HE'S
PRAYING OR CHANTING...
THIS IS INSANE!

WANATHAL
GLANDOR FRAH...

OEILLET!

THERE WAS A FLASH OF FLAME, A
SICKENING, SULPHUROUS REEK
PERVADED THE ENTIRE CELLAR AND...

OEILLET!

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL AND A DEMON APPEARS... YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT OF HIM IN THIS
WEIRDY I'VE CONJURED UP FOR YOU ENTITLED...

ONE FOR DE-MONEY

VERNON CLING IN SHOCK TO THE DAMP WALL, PULSE POUNDING IN HIS VEINS, UNABLE TO BELIEVE WHAT HIS EYES TOLD HIM *MUST* BE TRUE.

IT WAS SOME KIND OF MYSTIC INCANTATION... BUT WHY? WHY SHOULD THE OLD MAN CALL UP THIS *D-DEMON*?

Ah, DEILLET... YOU COME AGAIN! NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU HATE ME, OR ANY MASTER, YOU *MUST* SERVE!

YOU'D LIKE TO TEAR ME TO PIECES, WOULDN'T YOU, DEILLET? BUT YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T REACH ME!

THE CHALKED LINES OF THE PENTAGRAM KEEP YOU IMPRISONED! YOU CANNOT PASS THEM! NOW... GIVE ME WHAT I ALWAYS WANT!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
MONEY!
MONEY!
MONEY!



NOW...GO!
ZAHNWAHR
KAPPE
OEILLET!



THAT'S HOW HE GOT HIS
MONEY! AND TO THINK OF THE
WAY THE MISERABLE OLD
NEPHEW'S TREATED ME...
TO THINK OF IT!



HOT ANGRY MEMORIES RACED THROUGH VERNON'S
MIND... TAKING HIM BACK TO HIS ARRIVAL AT THE
HOME OF THIS OLD MAN NOW GREEDILY GATHERING
UP THE GOLD COINS...

KILL THE FATTED
CALF, UNCLE CORNELIUS!
YOUR PRODIGAL
NEPHEW'S RETURNED--
FOR A TOUCH!



...SO I NEED A LITTLE
TO TIDE ME OVER! A FEW
GRAND WOULD DO IT!

NOT ONE
RED CENT!



YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO ME!
I NEED THAT DOUGH
RIGHT AWAY--YOU'VE
GOT PLENTY
OF BREAD!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT KIND OF JAM
YOU'VE GOTTER INTO
NOW, VERN, BUT I'VE
BAILED YOU OUT FOR
THE LAST TIME!



I'M YOUR NEPHEW...
YOUR ONLY **HENRY**!
FLAT BROKE! NO PLACE
TO STAY... I COULDN'T
EVEN SCRAPE UP
CHANGE FOR A MEAL!

THEN STAY
HERE! YOU'LL
BE OUT OF TROUBLE,
AND YOU WON'T STARVE!
BUT I WON'T TRUST
YOU FIVE MINUTES
WITH **ANY** OF
MY MONEY!

VERNON KNEW HE HAD TO ACCEPT... HAD
TO REMAIN TIED IN THAT OLD MANSION
BY HIS UNCLE'S PUSSY STRINGS.

AS FOR BEING MY
NEPHEW... FORGET IT!
I INTEND TO
REWRITE MY WILL
SO YOU WON'T
GET A PENNY!



VERNON'S BLOOD BOILED ANGRILY AT
THE THOUGHTS OF HIS HUMILIATION,
PROPELLING HIM FORWARD FROM HIDING...

NOW, UNCLE!
WE'LL SEE WHO
CUTS WHO OFF!

VERN...
WHAT...?!



GOODBYE... UNCLE...
CORNELIUS!

DONE!





THERE WAS NO TIME LEFT FOR VERNON TO QUESTION...
HE COULD ONLY SCREAM! THERE WAS NOT EVEN
TIME FOR A LAST LOOK AT THE BREAK RUBBED IN THE
CHALK LINE OF THE PENTAGRAM...*RUBBED IN THE
VERY SPOT THROUGH WHICH VERNON HAD
DRAGGED HIS UNCLE'S BODY!*



JUDGING FROM
THAT SCREAM,
FRIGHT-FANS,
I'D SAY THE
CHALK LINE
ISN'T THE ONLY
THING THAT GOT
RUBBED OUT!
NOW, IF YOU'LL
EXCUSE ME,
I'VE GOT SOME
READING TO DO
... JUST FOUND
A WONDERFUL
OLD BOOK!





GET SET, SHOULDER BLANCERS...WE'RE ABOUT TO PLUNGE DOWN CRUMBLING STEPS OF STONE INTO THE TERRIBLE BLACKNESS OF UNDISTURBED CENTURIES...UNDISTURBED UNTIL TWO ARCHAEOLOGISTS DARE TO CHALLENGE THE...

TERROR IN THE TOMB!

THE ROAR OF GUNFIRE REVERBERATED THROUGH THE ANCIENT DEPTHS, BUT THE SHUFFLING THING OF DECAYED FLESH AND ROTTING CLOTH MOVED UNALTERABLY FORWARD, SEEMINGLY BEYOND THE LAWS OF MORTAL MAN AND HIS PUNY WEAPONS...



STOP BRING CARSTAIRS! YOUR PISTOL'S USELESS! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE...

BATHED IN A COLD SWEAT OF TERROR, BRISTOL LUNGED WITH THE FURIOUS FRENZY OF A TRAPPED ANIMAL...

...TO TRY THE TORCH!

ONLY A FEW HOURS EARLIER, BOTH MEN HAD VIEWED THE MUMMY FOR THE FIRST TIME! THERE HAD BEEN NO FEAR THEN, ONLY THE HEART-POUNDING THRILL OF MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY...

LORD, CARSTAIRS, ITS MAGNIFICENT! NO QUESTION ABOUT IT WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING BIG!

AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS EXCAVATING, I'D HARDLY SAY STUMBLED BRISTOL!

A BIT ODD, IT'S JUST BEING PROPPED UP HERE...USUALLY THEY TOOK GREAT CARE TO HIDE THE BODIES! MY GUESS IS THAT THIS WAS ONLY A SERVANT OR GUARDIAN...

THEN, WHOEVER IT'S PROTECTING WILL REALLY BE WORTH FINDING...MIGHT EVEN BE A PHARAOH!



YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BRISTOL...TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



THIS MUST LEAD TO ONE OF THE INNER CHAMBERS! CAN YOU MAKE ANYTHING OUT OF THE INSCRIPTION?

DEFINITELY THE RESTING PLACE OF A RULER...B-BUT, THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF CURSE, A WARNING TO ALL VIOLATORS...

DOOR'S SMOOTH...NO HANDLES, OR KNOBS! UHNNNNH! CAN'T BUDGE IT! **BLAST!**

PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T TAMPER WITH IT, BRISTOL, UNTIL I'VE DEIPHERED MORE OF THESE HEROGLYPHICS...



FOR A MOMENT, BOTH MEN FELL SILENT, A SLIGHT GUST OF COOL, MUSTY AIR, SUDDENLY MAKING THEM SHIVER INVOLUNTARILY! THEN, BRISTOL SPOKE...

FOR HEAVEN SAKE, CARSTAIRS! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? THAT OUR MUMMIFIED FRIEND BACK THERE WILL COME CHASE US AND CRY BOO?!

I'D JUST LIKE TO FIND OUT A BIT MORE WHAT IT'S ABOUT. THAT'S ALL...

DO AS YOU LIKE THEN! I'M GETTING SOME OF THE BOYS DOWN AND HAVING A GO AT THAT DOOR... IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE A DISCOVERY LIKE THIS AND I'M NOT GOING SLOW SO THE MUSEUM OR GOVERNMENT CAN HORN IN!

BRISTOL MADE HIS WAY UP THE DANK, CRUDELY HEWN STEPS THEY'D BEEN WEEKS UNCOVERING, BURSTING OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE SUN'S GLARE, ONLY TO DISCOVER...

GONE! ALL GONE! EVERY LAST ONE OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS DOLTS HAS RUN OFF!



EVEN THEN, BRISTOL HAD NOT BEEN PRISTENED, ONLY ANGRY AND DETERMINED! GATHERING TORCHES FROM THE STILL SMOULDERING CAMP FIRE AND OTHER EQUIPMENT, HE REJOINED CARSTAIRS...

ANYTHING TO BE DONE, WE'LL BE DOING IT OURSELVES, CARSTAIRS! THE ENTIRE CAMP IS DESERTED!

T-THEY ALWAYS SEEM TO KNOW... AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN READING, I DON'T KNOW THAT I BLAME THEM...

THE MAN ENTOMBED BEHIND THIS DOOR **WAS** A PHARAOH, BUT HE WAS **MORE**... HIGH PRIEST, DARK SORCERER OF A TERRIBLE CULT... THEY... THEY WERE **GHOULS**! FINALLY THE PEOPLE REBELLED... HE WAS BURIED HERE... **ALIVE**!



HE WAS ENTOMBED WITH PHARAOH'S HONORS BECAUSE THEY STILL FEARED HIS DARK POWERS... HIS ABILITY TO PROVIDE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION FOR ANY VIOLATING THIS FINAL SANCTUARY...

WH...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THIS TOMB'S THE FIND OF A LIFETIME... NEITHER CURSE NOR DESERTING WORKERS IS KEEPING ME OUT OF IT! EVEN IF I HAVE TO **BLAST** MY WAY IN...

WHEN YOU'RE DONE MOUTHING THAT DRIVEY, CARSTAIRS, HELP ME PUT UP THESE TORCHES! WE'LL NEED LIGHT...



YOU'LL DESTROY THAT DOOR! THERE'S MORE I HAVEN'T READ... YOU CAN'T BE CERTAIN WHAT YOU'RE TAMPERING WITH...

THE EXPLOSION WILL BRING THE ENTIRE EXCAVATION DOWN ON OUR HEADS! YOU'VE...

I'VE USED A VERY LIGHT CHARGE! NOW, **BACK!** IT'S ABOUT TO...

LORD, YOU'RE LIKE MY OLD NANNY, CARSTAIRS! THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS PLACE THAT COULD POSSIBLY HARM US... UNLESS IT'S YOUR RUNAWAY IMAGINATION!



THOOOM!

THE DUST OF AGES BLOWED FORTH INTO THE ROOM AND CHUNKS OF STONE ROLLED AND CLATTERED! THEN, SLOWLY, EVERYTHING BEGAN TO SETTLE...

IT'S NOT SO BAD... SOME OF THESE LARGE PIECES CAN STILL BE READ...

FORGET THE ROCK! FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN... LOOK IN HERE!



WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW? WHERE'S YOUR CURSE... THE BLACK MAGIC OF YOUR GHOULISH PHARAOH?

YOU SHOULDN'T MOCK, BRISTOL... THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS KNEW THINGS NO OTHER CULTURE MASTERED... WERE CAPABLE OF TERRIBLE FEATS...



AT LAST, BRISTOL FELT FEAR... STARK COLD, DRIVING FEAR! FEAR THAT MADE HIM ACT WITHOUT THOUGHT OR HESITATION.



WITH AN IMPATIENT FLORISH, BRISTOL THRUST A TORCH INTO THE DARK GLOOM OF 35 CENTURES...

LOOK AT IT, CARSTAIRS... JUST LOOK AT IT!



FROM BEHIND CAME A SLOW, SHUFFLING SOUND AND WITH IT, THE FETID ODOR OF DECAY! BOTH MEN TURNED AT ONCE...



BRISOL'S ACT OF FEAR SHOWED THEM THE WAY AFTER CARSTAIR'S REVOLVER FAILED! SILENTLY, PAINFULLY THE LUMBERING THING LURCHED ON AS, TORCH AFTER THROWN TORCH, FLAMES DEVoured AGED WRAPPINGS AND MUMMIFIED FLESH, SLOWLY CONSUMING THE STUMBLING INSTRUMENT OF TERROR...



UNTIL THE MUMMY WAS NO MORE!

WE... WE WON, CARSTAIRS... A THING LIKE THAT? AN ANCIENT, POWERFUL ENGINE OF EVIL AND WE BEAT IT!



WHAT'S IN THERE NOW WE'VE EARNED. CARSTAIRS... COME ON, WE FOUGHT THE CURSE AND BEAT IT...

IN A MOMENT? I WANT TO SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT MORE ABOUT SUCH A MONSTER AND IF...

CARSTAIRS
VOICE
TRAILED OFF
AS HE
AGAIN
BECAME
LOST IN
THE
PICTURE
LANGUAGE
OF
ANOTHER
AGE!
SUDDENLY,
HE BOLTED
UPRIGHT...

N-NOOOO! BRISTOL!
DON'T GO IN THERE! COME
BACK! WE'VE GOT TO...



THE HORRIFYING TABLEAU BEFORE HIM WAS
ETCHED OVER AND OVER INTO CARSTAIRS'
MIND. YET STILL HIS BODY BETRAYED HIM,
LEAVING HIM PETRIFIED, IMMOBILE...

...THROUGH THE RITES OF HIS TERRIBLE CULT,
THE PHARAOH ACHIEVED SOME MANNER OF
PROLONGED LIFE... THE PEOPLE **COULDN'T**
KILL HIM, THEY COULD ONLY ENTOMB
HIM AWAY FROM OTHERS...



TOO BAD ABOUT CARSTAIRS, HE
SHOULD HAVE LEARNED TO READ
FASTER. THOUGH I SUPPOSE THAT
THOUGHT IS ALREADY GNAWING
AT HIM... AMONG OTHER THINGS!

FEAR DID NOT REACT THE SAME FOR CARSTAIRS
IT CLUTCHED HIM, FROZE HIM... BOUND HIM
WHERE HE STOOD AS BRISTOL'S LONG TERRIBLE
SCREAMS REBOUNDED AGAIN AND AGAIN FROM
THE NITRATE-COATED WALLS...

WHY
DIDN'T I
REALIZE...
WHY
WASN'T
IT CLEAR...



THE INSANE RED-RIMMED EYES GARTED
ABOUT THE ROOM FROM BRISTOL'S LIFELESS
FORM FINALLY RESTING WITH ALL THEIR MANIA-
CAL FURY ON CARSTAIRS, THEN SEEMINGLY
GREW LARGER AND LARGER UNTIL THERE WAS
NOTHING ELSE THE ARCHAEOLOGIST COULD SEE!
HE COULD ONLY SPEW FORTH HIS LAST WORDS,
WHICH SOMEHOW BECAME A SCREAM...

...THE MUMMY WASN'T
AN AGENT OF THE BLACK
ARTS... IT WAS PLACED
OUTSIDE TO MAKE SURE
HE COULD **NEVER**
ESCAPE... **AND WE**
DESTROYED IT!



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